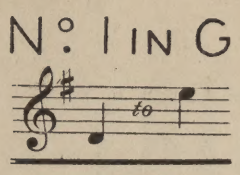
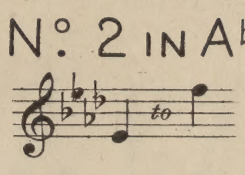
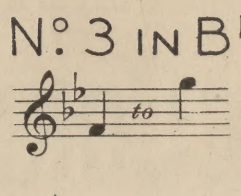
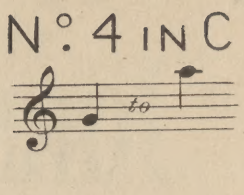
75 c
A-E









SUNG BY
MR. JOHN MC. CORMACK
AND
MR. DAN BEDDOE

I HEAR YOU CALLING ME

Song

THE WORDS BY
HAROLD HARFORD

The Music by
CHARLES MARSHALL

A. J. BOUCHER (ENR'G.)
Editeur et Importateur de Musique
Fondé en 1861
MONTRÉAL, QUÉBEC.

Boosey

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OTHER SONGS BELOVED BY THE ADMIRERS

—OF—

JOHN McCORMACK'S ARTISTRY

MAVIS.

No. 1 in E♭ | No. 2 in F | No. 3 in G | No. 4 in A♭

Words by L.A.LEFEVRE.

Music by HAROLD CRAXTON.

Sung by Mr. John Mc Cormack.

Teneramente con moto.

Quasi Valse lente.

ten.

O Ma - vis, Ma - vis, Ma - vis, The birds are call - ing you, sweet, The chil-dren are roam-ing the mea - dows For flow'rs to strew at your feet The lit-tle white church in the val - ley Is bright with the blossoms of

As a distant bell.

p *psfz* *simile.*

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MACUSHLA

No. 1 in F | No. 2 in A♭ | No. 3 in B♭

Words by JOSEPHINE V. ROWE

SUNG BY Mr. JOHN Mc CORMACK AND BY Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Music by DERMOT MACMURROUGH

Andante calmato con tenerezza.

Ma - cush - la! Ma-cush - la! your sweet voice is call - ing, Call - ing me soft - ly a - gain and a - gain. Ma - cush - la! Ma-cush - la! I hear its dear plead - ing, My blue - eyed Ma-cush - la, I hear it in vain. Ma - cush - la! Ma-cush - la! your white arms are reach - ing, I

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WHEN THE DEW IS FALLING.

No. 1 in C | No. 2 in E♭ | No. 3 in F

To D. D.

Words by FIONA MACLEOD.

Written for and Sung by Mr. John Mc Cormack.

Music by EDWIN SCHNEIDER.

mp Andante molto expressivo

When the dew is fall-ing I have heard a call-ing of ae - rial sweet voices O'er the low green hill; And when the noon is dy - ing I have heard a cry-ing Where the brown burn slippeth thro' the hollows green and still. And O the sorrow upon me The gray grief up-on me

rit. e dim. *a tempo.* *sostenuto* *a tempo.* *rit. e dim.* *mf tenuto* *cresc.*

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I Hear You Calling Me.

I hear you calling me.
You called me when the moon had veiled her light,
Before I went from you into the night;
I came,—do you remember?—back to you
For one last kiss beneath the kind stars' light.

I hear you calling me.
And oh, the ringing gladness of your voice!
The words that made my longing heart rejoice
You spoke,—do you remember?—and my heart
Still hears the distant music of your voice.

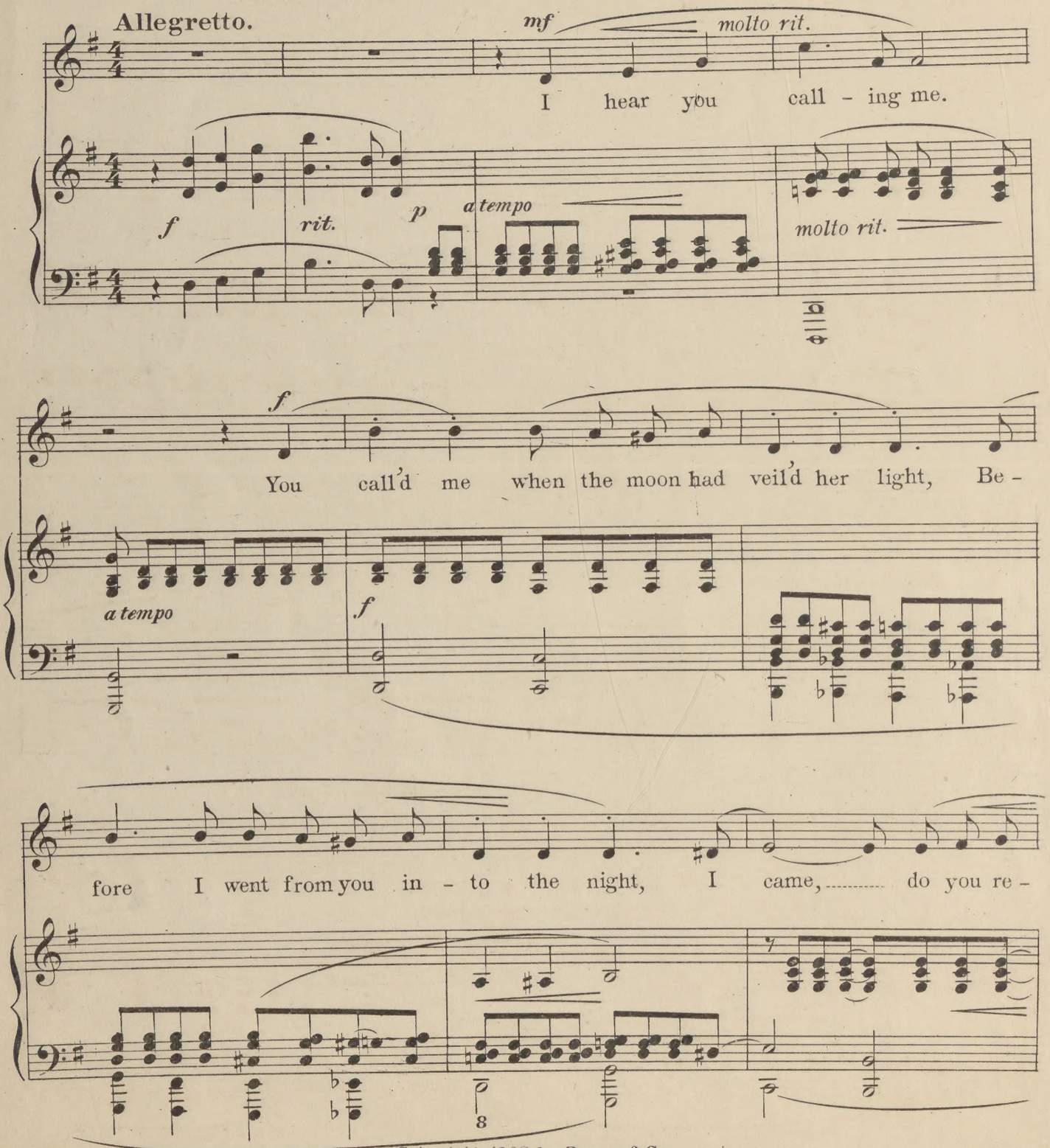
I hear you calling me.
Though years have stretched their weary length between,
And on your grave the mossy grass is green:
I stand,—do you behold me?—listening here,
Hearing your voice through all the years between.

HAROLD HARFORD.

I Hear You Calling Me.

Words by
HAROLD HARFORD

Music by
CHARLES MARSHALL



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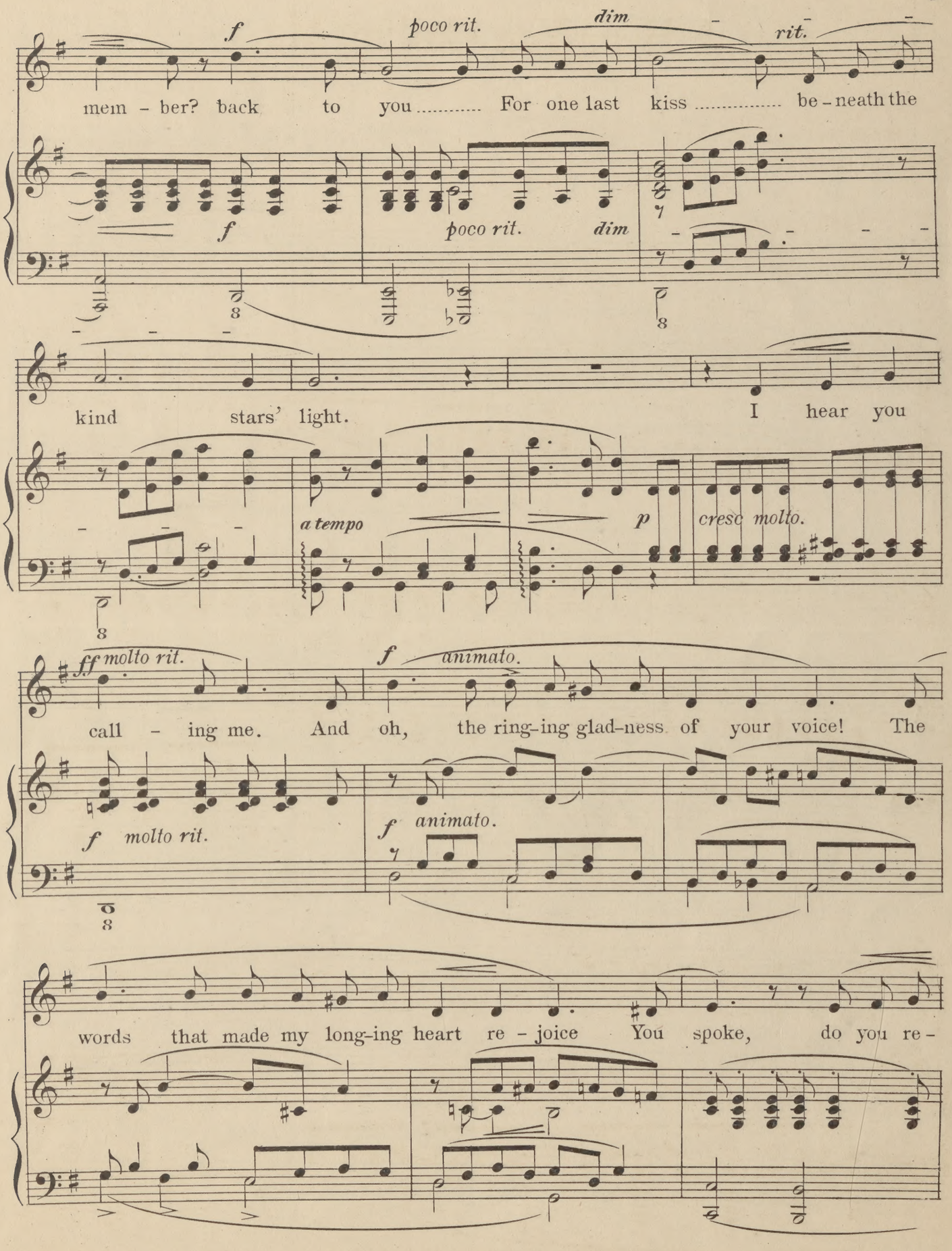
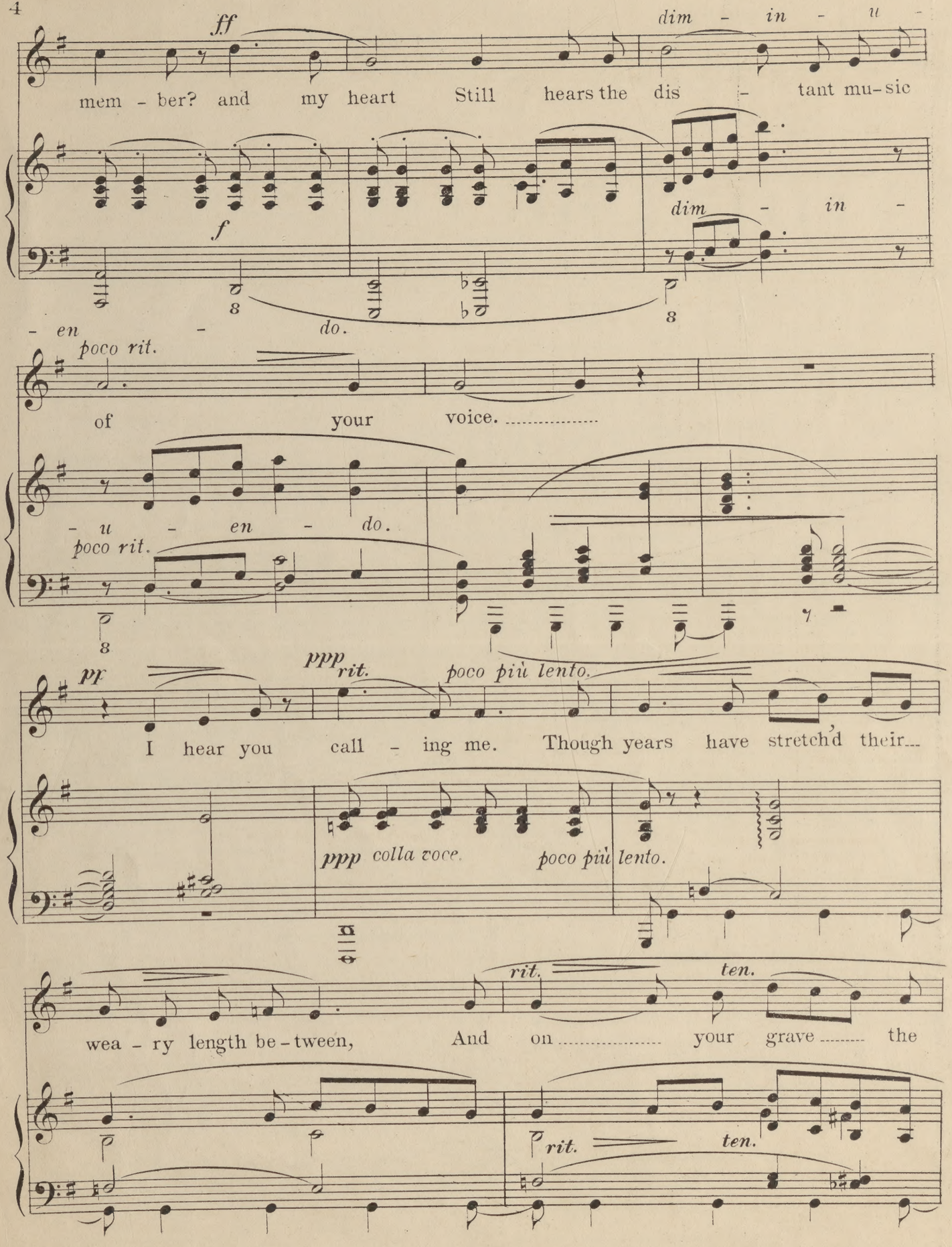
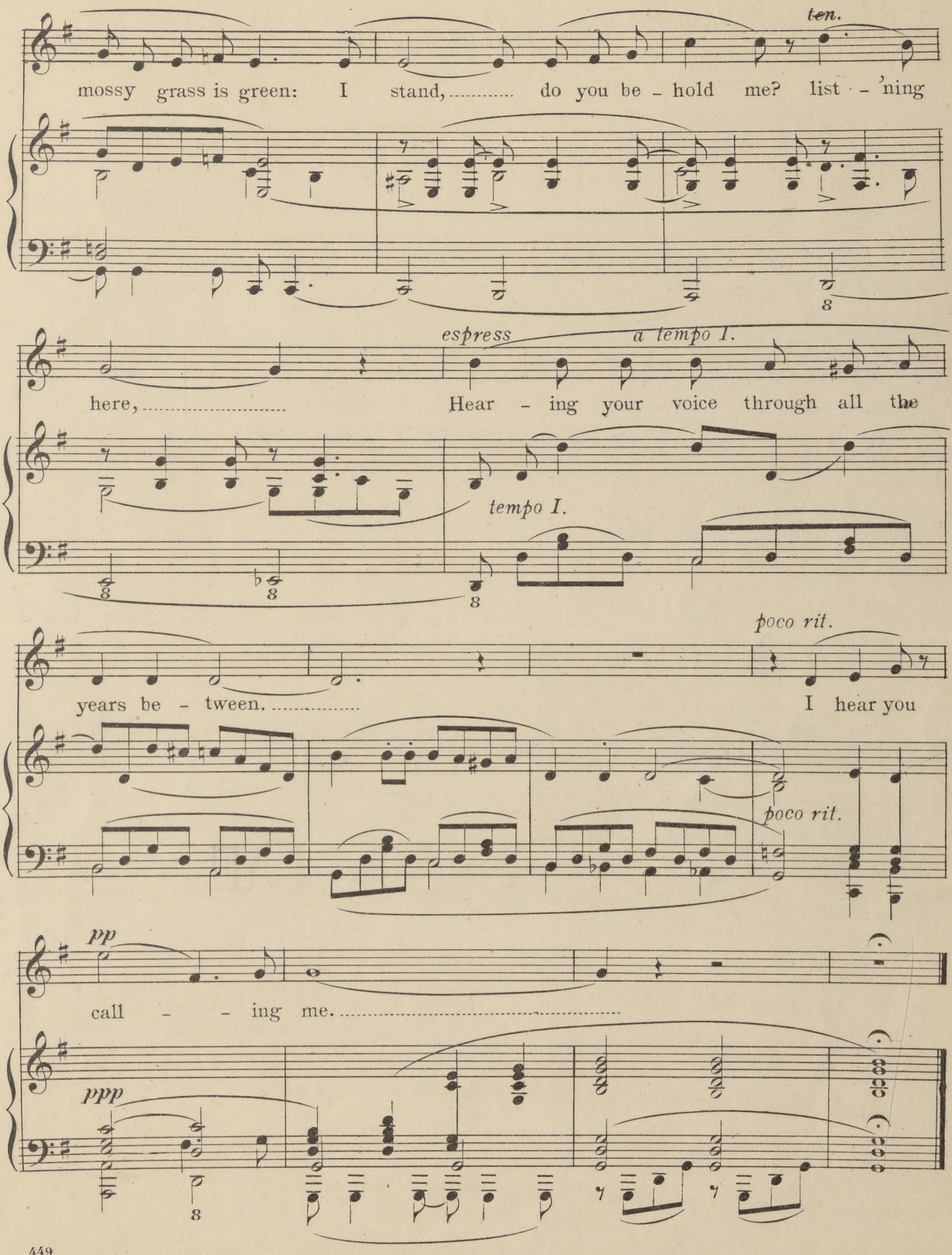

f
poco rit.
dim
rit.
mem - ber? back to you ..... For one last kiss ..... be - neath the
f
poco rit.
dim
kind stars' light. I hear you
a tempo
p
cresc molto.
ff molto rit.
f animato.
call - ing me. And oh, the ring-ing glad-ness of your voice! The
f molto rit.
f animato.
words that made my long-ing heart re - joice You spoke, do you re -

ff
dim - in - u -
mem - ber? and my heart Still hears the dis - tant mu-sic
f
dim - in -
- en - do.
poco rit.
of your voice.
- u - en - do.
poco rit.
pp
ppp rit.
poco più lento.
I hear you call - ing me. Though years have stretch'd their...
ppp colla voce.
poco più lento.
rit.
ten.
wea - ry length be-tween, And on your grave the
rit.
ten.

ten.
mossy grass is green: I stand, do you be - hold me? list - 'ning
espress
a tempo I.
here,
Hear - ing your voice through all the
tempo I.
poco rit.
years be - tween.
I hear you
poco rit.
pp
call - - ing me.
ppp

No.1 in F
No.2 in G

WHEN MY SHIPS COME SAILING HOME

No.3 in A♭
No.4 in B♭

Words by REGINALD STEWART.

Music by FRANCIS DOREL.

Slowly and evenly.

ten. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

Oh the ships of my dreams are re-turn-ing, My love, my love, And the bright star of hope is burn-ing Up a-

ten. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

rall. *f* *p* *ten.* *a tempo.* *mf poco rit.*

bove, up a-bove. For your kiss of de-sire I am yearning, sweet heart, dear heart: Stars shine from the skies, There's

rall. *f* *p ten.* *a tempo.* *mf* *poco rit.*

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No.1 in D
No.2 in E♭
No.3 in F
No.4 in G

THORA

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Moderato con anima.

Come! Come! come to me, Tho-ra, Come once a-gain and be Child of my dream, light of my life, An-gel of love to

maestoso. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

me! Child of my dream, light of my life, An-gel of love to me, An-gel of love to me.

mf *p colla voce*

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No.1 in F

THE ENCHANTED GLADE

No.2 in A♭

Words by G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

Music by LÖIS BARKER

Moderato Lento. *pp rall.*

Night, and a woo-ing bird,- Night, and the echoes' call,- The sound of a whis-per'd word, And a hush more sweet than

colla voce

Più mosso

all. O, could the star-beams stay, The fair night last for aye, The

rall.

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